Feltham, Owen

A BRIEF CHARACTER Of the LOW-COUNTREYS Under the STATES.

Being three weeks Observation of the Vices and Vertues of the INHABITANTS.

——— *Non seria semper.*

LONDON,
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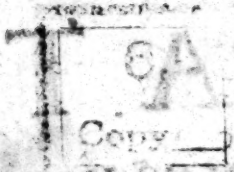

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TO THE READER.

AS I live Gentlemen, I am amaz'd how any Piece could be made ſuch minc't meat as this hath been by a twice-printed Copy, which I find flying abroad to abuſe the Author, who long ſince travelling for Companies-ſake, with a Friend into the Low-Countreys, would needs for his own Recreation, write this Eſſay of them, as he then found them: I am ſure as far from ever thinking to have it publick, as he was from any private ſpleen to the Nation, or any perſon in it; for I have moved him often to Print it, but could never get his conſent, his modeſty ever eſteeming it among his puerilia, and (as he ſaid) a piece

too light for a Prudential man to publish: the truth is, it was meerly occasional in his youth, and the time so little, that he had for observation (his stay there not being above three weeks) that it could not well be expected, he should say more, and though the former part be joculary and sportive, yet the seriousness of the latter part renders the Character no way injurious to the people. And now finding some ruffled Feathers only presented for the whole Bird, and having a perfect Copy by me, I have presumed to trespass so much upon the Author as to give it you (in vindication of him) so as I am confident it was dressed by his own Pen. And after I have begged his Pardon for exposing it without his Warrant, I shall leave you to judg by comparing this and the former Impressions, whether or no he hath not been abused sufficiently.

Three

Three Weeks OBSERVATIONS *of the* LOW COUNTREYS; *Especially* HOLLAND.

THey are a general Sea-Land. The great Bog of *Europe*. There is not such another Marsh in the world that's flat. They are an universal Quag-mire Epitomiz'd. *A Green Cheese in pickle.* There is in them an *Æquilibrium* of mud and water. A strong Earthquake would shake them to a *Chaos*, from which the successive force of the Sun, rather then Creation, hath a little emended them. They are the Ingredients of a black Pudding,

and want only ſtirring together. Marry 'tis beſt making on't in a dry Summer, elſe you will have more blood then griſt; and then have you no way to make it ſerve for any thing, but to tread it under *Zona Torrida*, and ſo dry it for Turfs.

Sayes one, it affords the people one commodity beyond all the other Regions; if they die in perdition, they are ſo low, that they have a ſhorter cut to Hell then the reſt of their Neighbours. And for this cauſe, perhaps all ſtrange Religions throng thither, as naturally inclining towards their Center. Beſides, their Riches ſhews them to be *Pluto*'s Region, and you all know what part that was which the Poets did of old aſſign him. Here is *Styx*, *Acheron*, *Cocytus*, and the reſt of thoſe muddy ſtreams

that

that have made matter for the Fablers. Almoſt every one is a *Charon* here, and if you have but a *Naulum* to give, you cannot want or Boat or Pilot. To confirm all, let but ſome of our Separatiſts be asked, and they ſhall ſwear that the *Elizian Fields* are there.

It is an excellent Countrey for a deſpairing Lover: for every corner affords him Willow to make a Garland on; but if Juſtice doom him to be hang'd on any other Tree, he may in ſpight of the ſentence live long and confident. If he had rather quench his ſpirits than ſuffocate them, ſo rather chuſe to feed Lobſters then Crows; 'tis but leaping from his window, and he lights in a River or Sea; for moſt of their dwellings ſtand like Privies in moted-houſes, hanging ſtill over the water. If none of

these cure him, keep him but a Winter in a house without a Stove, and that shall cool him.

The oile is all fat, though wanting the colour to shew it so; for indeed it is the buttock of the World, full of veins and blood, but no bones in't. Had St. *Steven* been condemn'd to suffer here, he might have been alive at this day; for unless it be in their paved Cities, gold is a great deal more plentiful then stones, except it be living ones; and then for their heavineſs you may take in almost all the Nation.

'Tis a singular place to fat Monkeys in. There are Spiders as big as Shrimps, and I think as many. Their Gardens being moist, abound with these. No creatures; for sure they were bred, not made. Were they but as venemous as rank, to

gather

gather herbs were to hazard Martyrdom. They are so large, that you would almost believe the *Hesperides* were here, and these the *Dragons* that did guard them.

You may travel the Countrey though you have not a guide: for you cannot baulk your road without the hazard of drowning. There is not there any use of an Harbinger. Whersoever men go the way is made before them. Had they Cities large as their walls, *Rome* would be esteemed a bable. 20 miles in length is nothing for a Waggon to be hurried on one of them, where if your fore-man be sober, you may travel in safety, otherwise you must have stronger faith then *Peter* had, else you sink immediately. A starting horse endangers you to two deathe at once, breaking of your neck, and drowning.

If your way be not thus, it hangs in the water, and at the approach of your Waggon ſhall ſhake as if it were Ague ſtrucken. *Duke d' Alva*'s taxing of the tenth penny frighted it into a *Palſey*, which all the *Mountebancks* they have bred ſince could never tell how to cure.

'Tis indeed but a bridge of ſwimming earth, or a flag ſomewhat thicker then ordinary, if the ſtrings crack your courſe is ſhortned, you can neither hope for Heaven nor fear Hell, you ſhall be ſure to ſtick faſt between them. Marry if your Faith flow Purgatory height, you may pray if you will for that to cleanſe you from the Mud ſhall ſoil you.

'Tis a green ſod in water, where if the *German Eagle* dares to bath himſelf, he's glad again to pearch that he may dry his wings.

Some

Some things they do that ſeem Wonders. 'Tis ordinary to ſee them fiſh for fire in water, which they catch in Nets and tranſport to land in their boats, where they ſpread it more ſmoothly then a *Mercer* doth his *Velvet* when he would hook in an heir upon his coming to age. Thus lying in a field, you would think you ſaw a Cantle of green Cheeſe ſpread over with black butter.

If *Ætna* be Hells mouth or foregate, ſure here's found the *Poſtern*. 'Tis the *Port-Eſquiline* of the world, where the whole earth doth vent her crude black gore, which the Inhabitants ſcrape away for fuel, as men with ſpoons do excrements from *Civit-Cats*.

Their ordinary Pack-horſes are all of wood, carry their bridles in their tails, and their burdens

in

in their bellies. A ſtrong Tide and a ſtiff Gale are the ſpurs that make them ſpeedy. When they travel they touch no ground, and when they ſtand ſtill they ride; and are never in danger but when they drink up too much of their way.

There is a Province among them, where every woman carries a Cony in a *Lambskin.* 'Tis a cuſtom, and not one that travels ever leaves it behind her. Now gueſs if you can what beaſt that is, which is clad in a fur both of hair and wool.

They dreſs their meat *in Aqua Cœleſti*, for it ſprings not as ours from the earth, but comes to them as *Manna* to the *Iſraelites*, falling from Haven. This they keep under ground till it ſtinks, and then they pump it out again for uſe. So when you waſh your hands with one

one hand, you had need hold your nose with the other; for though it be not Cordial, 'tis certainly a ſtrong water

The Elements are here at variance, the ſubtile overſwaying the groſſer. The fire conſumes the earth, and the air the water. They burn Turffs, and drain their grounds with Wind-mills: As if the Cholick were a remedy for the Stone; and they would prove againſt Philoſophy the Worlds Conflagration to be natural, even ſhewing thereby that the very Element of earth is combuſtible.

The Land that they have they keep as neatly as a Courtier does his Beard. They have a method in Mowing. 'Tis ſo interven'd with water and Rivers, that it is impoſſible to make a Common among them. Even the *Browniſts* are here

at

at a ſtand, only they hold their pride in wrangling for that which they never will find. Our Juſtices would be much at eaſe although our *Engliſh* Poor were ſtill among them: For whatſoever they do, they can break no hedges. Sure had the wiſe men of *Gotham* lived here, they would have ſtudied ſome other death for their *Cuckow*.

Their Ditches they frame as they liſt, and diſtinguiſh them into nooks, as my Lord Majors Cook doth his Cuſtards. Cleanſe them they do often: but 'tis as Phyſicians give their potions, more to catch the Fiſh, then caſt the Mud out.

Though their Country be part of a main land, yet every houſe almoſt ſtands in an Iſland. And that though a Boor dwell in it, looks as ſmug as a Lady that hath newly lockt up her colours, and laid by her Irons.

A gallant masquing suit sits not more compleat, then a coat of thatch though many years wearing.

If it stand dry 'tis embraced by *Vines*, as if it were against the nature of a *Dutch man* not to have *Bacchus* his neighbour. If you find it lower-seated, 'tis only a close Arbor in a plump of *Willows* and *Alders*, pleasant enough while the dog-days last; but those past once, you must practice wading, or be prisoner till the next Spring. Only a hard frost with the help of a Sledge, may releafe you.

The Bridg to this is an outlandish Planck with a box of stones to poiz it withal, which with the least help turns round like the executioner when he whips off a head. That when the Master is over stands drawn, and then he is in his Castle.

'Tis sure his fear that renders him

him ſuſpicious. That he may therefore certainly ſee who enters, you ſhall ever find his window made over his door. But it may be, that is to ſhew you his Pedigree, for though his Anceſtors were never known, their Arms are there; which (in ſpight of Heraldry) ſhall bear their Atchievment with a Helmet for a Baron at leaſt Marry the Field perhaps ſhall be charged with three baskets, to ſhew what trade his father was.

Eſcutcheons are as plentiful as Gentry is ſcarce. Every man there is his own Herald; and he that has but wit enough to invent a Coat, may challenge it as his own.

When you are entred the houſe, the firſt thing you encounter is a Looking-glaſs. No queſtion but a true Embleme of politick hoſpitality;

tality; for though it reflect your ſelf in your own figure, 'tis yet no longer then while you are there before it. When you are gone once it flatters the next comer, without the leaſt remembrance that you e're were there.

The next are the veſſels of the houſe marſhalled about the room like Watchmen. All as neat as if you were in a Citizens Wives Cabinet; for unleſs it be themſelves, they let none of Gods creatures loſe any thing of their native beauty.

Their houſes, eſpecially in their Cities, are the beſt eye-beauties of their Countrey. For coſt and ſight they far exceed our *Engliſh*, but they want their magnificence. Their lining is yet more r ch then their outſide, not in hangings but pictures, which even the pooreſt are

t here

there furniſht with. Not a Cobler but has his toys for ornament. Were the knacks of all their houſes ſet together, there would not be ſuch another *Bartholomew*-Fair in *Europe*.

Their Artiſts for theſe are as rare as thought; for they can paint you a fat hen in her feathers; and if you want the language, you may learn a great deal of Dutch by their ſigns; for what they are, they ever write under them. So by this device hang up more honeſty then they keep.

Coaches are as rare as Comets; and thoſe that live looſely need not fear one puniſhment which often vexes ſuch with us: They may be ſure, though they be diſcovered, they ſhall not be carted.

All their Merchandiſe they draw through the ſtreets on Sledges;

or

or as we on Hurdles do traitors to execution.

Their rooms are but ſeveral land-boxes: if ſo, you muſt either go out to ſpit, or bluſh when you ſee the Map brought.

Their beds are no other then land-cabins, high enough to need a ladder or ſtairs. Up once, you are walled in with Wainſcot, and that is good diſcretion to avoid the trouble of making your will every night; for once falling out elſe would break your neck perfectly. But if you die in it, this comfort you ſhall leave your friends, that you di'd in clean linnen.

Whatſoever their eſtates be, their houſes muſt be fair. Therefore from *Amſterdam* they have baniſht Sea-cole, leſt it ſoil their buildings, of which the ſtatelier ſort are ſomtimes ſententious, and

in

in the front carry ſome conceit of the Owner, As to give you a taſte in theſe.

Chriſtus Adjutor meus;
Hoc abdicato Perenne Quero;
Hic Medio tutus Itur.

Every door ſeems ſtudded with Diamonds. The nails and hinges hold a conſtant brightneſs, as if ruſt there were not a quality incident to Iron. Their houſes they keep cleaner then their bodies, their bodies then their ſouls Go to one, you ſhall find the Andirons ſhut up in net-work. At a ſecond, the Warming-pan muffled in *Italian* Cut-work. At a third the Sconce clad in Cambrick. And like a Crown advanced in the middle of the houſe, for the woman there is the head of the husband, ſo takes

the

the horn to her own charge, which she sometimes multiplies, and bestows the increase on her man.

'Tis true, they are not so ready at this play as the *English*; for neither are they so generally bred to't, nor are their men such linnen-lifters. Idleness and Courtship has not banisht honesty. They speak more, and do less; yet doth their blood boil high, and their veins are full, which argues strongly that when they will they may take up the custom of entertaining strangers. And having once done it, I believe they will be notable; for I have heard they trade more for love then money, but 'tis of the sport not the man, and therefore when they like the pastim they will reward the Gamester; otherwise their gross feed and clowniſh breeding hath spoiled them from being

nobly

nobly minded. And if you once
publick discover her private favou
or pretend to more then is civ
she falls off like Fairy wealth di
closed, and turns like Beer wi
Lightening to a sowerness, whi
neither Art nor Labour can ev
make sweet again.

But this I must give you on r
port onely; Experience here
hath neither made me Fool n
Wise.

The People are generally Boo
ish, yet none but may be bred to
States-man, they having all th
gift, Not to be so nice-conscien ce
but that they can turn out Relig
on to let in Policy.

Their Countrey is the God th
worship. War is their Heave
Peace is their Hell, and the *Spa*
ard is the Devil they hate. Custo
is their Law, and their Will Re
son.

Yo

You may ſooner convert a *Jew*, than make an ordinary *Dutch man* yield to arguments that croſs him. An old Baud is eaſilier turned Puritan, than a Waggoner perſuaded not to bait thrice in 9 miles. And when he doth, his horſes muſt not ſtir, but have their Manger brought them into the way, where in a top-ſweat they eat their graſs, and drink their water, and preſently after hurry away. For they ever drive as if they were all the ſons of *Nimſhi*, and were furiouſly either purſuing an enemy, or flying him.

His ſpirits are generated from the *Engliſh* Beer, and that makes him headſtrong. His body is built of pickled Herring, and they render him teſty: theſe with a little Butter, Onions, and *Holland* Cheeſe, are the Ingredients of an ordinary *Dutch man*; which a Voyage to the

East-Indies, with the heat of the *Equinoctial Consolidates*.

If you see him fat, he hath been rooting in a Cabbage-ground and that bladdered him. Viewing him naked, you will pray him to pull off his Masque and Gloves, or wish him to hide his face that he may appear more lovely. For that and his hands are *Egypt*, however his body be *Europe*. He hath exposed them so much to the Sun and water, as he is now his own disguise, and without a vizard, may serve in any *Antimasque* you put him in.

For their condition they are churlish as their breeder *Neptune*: and without doubt very ancient; for they were bred before manners were in fashion. Yet all they have not they account superfluity, which they say mendeth some, and marreth many.

They

They ſhould make good Juſtices, for they reſpect neither perſons nor apparel. A boor in his liquord ſlop, ſhall have as much good uſe as a Courtier in his bravery: Nay more, for he that is but Courtly or Gentile, is among them like a *Merlyn* after *Michaelmaſs* in the field with *Crowes*. They wonder at and envy, but worſhip no ſuch Images. Marry with a Silver hook you ſhall catch theſe *Gudgeons* preſently. The love of gain being to them as natural as water to a Gooſe, or Carrion to any Kite that flies.

They are ſeldom deceived; for they truſt no body; ſo by conſequence are better to hold a fort then win it; yet they can do both. Truſt them you muſt if you travel. For to ask a Bill of particulars, is to purre in a Waſps neſt; you muſt

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pay what they ask, as ſure as if it were the Aſſeſment of a Subſidy.

Complement is an idleneſs they were never trained up in, and 'tis their happineſs that Court-vanities have not ſtole away their minds from buſineſs.

Their being Sailors and Souldiers have marred two parts already, if they bath once in Court oyle they are painted Trap-doors. And ſhall then let the *Jews* build a City where *Harlem Mere* is, and after cozen 'em on't.

They ſhall abuſe a ſtranger for nothing, and after a few baſe terms ſcotch one another to a *Carbonado*, or as they do their Roaches when they fry them.

Nothing can quiet them but money and liberty, yet when they have them they abuſe both; but if you

you tell them so you awake their fury; and you may sooner calm the sea, then conjure that into compass again. Their anger hath no eyes; and their judgment doth not flow so much from reason as passion and partiality.

They are in a manner all *Aquatiles*, and therefore the *Spaniard* calls them water-dogs. To this, though you need not condiscend; yet withal, you may think they can catch you a duck as soon. Sea-*Gulls* do not swim more readily: nor *More-hens* from their nest run sooner to the water. Every thing is so made to swim among them, as it is a question if *Elizeus* his Axe were now floating there, it would be taken for a miracle.

They love none but those that do for them; and when they leave

off, they neglect him. They have no friends but their kindred, which at every wedding feast among themselves like Tribes.

All that help them not they hold popish; and take it for an argument of much honesty, to rail bitterly against the King of *Spain*. And certainly, this is the badge of an ill Nature, when they have once cast off the yoke, to be most virulent against those to whom of right they owe respect and service. Grateful dispositions, though by their Lords they be exempt from service, will yet be paying reverence and affection. I am confident, that had they not been once the Subjects of *Spain*, they would have loved the Nation better. But now out of dying Duties ashes all the Blazes of hostility and flame. And 'tis sufficient ground to condemn their

eternal

eternal hate, to know the world remembers, they were once the lawful ſubjects of that moſt Catholick Crown.

Their ſhipping is the *Babel* which they boaſt on for the glory of their Nation. 'Tis indeed a wonder, and they will have it ſo. But we may well hope they will never be ſo mighty by Land, leſt they ſhew us how doggedly they can inſult where they get the maſtery.

'Tis their own *Chronicle*-buſineſs, which can tell you that at the ſiege of *Leyden*, a Fort being held by the *Spaniſh*, by the *Dutch* was after taken by aſſault. The Defendants were pu to the ſword, where one of the *Dutch* in the fury of the ſlaughter, ript up the Captain's body, and with a barbarous hand tore out the yet-lving heart panting among the reeking bowels, then with

then with his teeth rent it ſtill warm with blood into gobbets, which he ſpitted over the Battelments in defiance to the reſt of the Army.

Oh Tigres breed! The *Scythian* Bear could never have been more ſavage. To be neceſſitated into cruelty, is a misfortune to the ſtrongly tempted to it; but to let ſpleen rave, and mad it in reſiſtleſs blood, ſhews nature ſteep'd i'th' livid gall of paſſion; and beyond all bruitiſhneſs diſplays the unnoble Tyranny of a prevailing Coward.

Their Navies are the whip of *Spain*, or the Arm wherewith they pull away his *Indies*. Nature hath not bred them ſo active for the land as ſome others: But at Sea they are water-devils, to attempt things incredible.

In

In Fleets they can fight close, and rather hazard all then save some, while others perish: but single, they will flag and fear like birds in a bush, when the *Sparrow-Hawks* bells are heard.

A *Turkish* Man of War is as dreadful to them as a *Falcon* to a *Mallard*; from whom their best remedy is to steal away. But if they come to blows, they want the valiant stoutness of the *English*, who will rather expire bravely in a bold resistance, then yield to the lasting slavery of becoming captives to so barbarous an enemy. And this shews, they have not learned yet even Pagan Philosophy, which ever preferred an honourable death before a life thralled to perpetual slavery.

Their ships lie like high Woods in Winter; and if you view them

on the north-ſide you frieze without hope, for they ride ſo thick, that you can through them ſee no Sun to warm you with.

Sailers among them are as common as beggars with us. They can drink, rail, ſwear, niggle, ſteal, and be lowſie alike; but examining their uſe, a meſs of their Knaves are worth a million of ours: for they in a boiſterous rudeneſs can work, and live, and toil, whereas ours will rather laze themſelves to poverty, and like Cabages left out in winter, rot away in the lothſomeneſs of a nauſeous ſloth.

Almoſt all among them are Seamen born, and like frogs can live both on land and water. Not a Countrey Urieſter but can handle an oar, ſteer a boat, raiſe a maſt, and bear you out in the rougheſt ſtraits you come in. The ſhip ſhe

avouches much better for sleep then a bed. Being full of humors, that is her cradle, which lulls and and rocks her to a dull phlegmatickness, most of them looking like a full grown Oyster boil'd. Slime, humid air, water, and wet diet, have so bag'd their cheeks, that some would take their paunches to be gotten above their chin.

The Countreys Government is a *Democracy*, and there had need be many to rule such a rabble of rude ones. Tell them of a King, and they could cut your throat in earnest. The very name carries servitude in it, and they hate it more then a Jew doth Images, a Woman old age, or a Non-conformist a Surplice.

None among them hath Authority by inheritance; that were the way in time to parcel out their Countrey to Families. They are chose

choſen all as our Kings chuſe Sheriffs for the Counties: not for their ſin of Wit, but for the Wealth they have to bear it out withal; which they ſo over-affect, that *Myn Here* ſhall walk the Streets as Uſurers go to Bawdy-houſes, all alone and melancholy. And if they may be had cheap, he will daub his faced cloke with two penniworth of pickled Herrings which himſelf ſhall carry home in a ſtring. A common voice hath given him preemine nee, and he loſes it by living as he did when he was but a *Boor*. But if you pardon what is paſt, they are about thinking it time to learn more civility.

Their juſtice is ſtrict, if it croſs not policy: but rather then hinder Traffick tolerates any thing.

There is not under Heayen ſuch

a

a Den of several Serpents as *Amsterdam* is, you may be what devil you will so you push not the State with your horns.

'Tis an University of all Religions which grow here confusedly (like stocks in a Nursery) without either order or pruning. If you be unsetled in your Religion, you may here try all, and take at last what you like best. If you fancy none, you have a pattern to follow, of two, that would be a Church to themselves.

'Tis the Fair of all the Sects, where all the Pedlers of Religion have leave to vent their toys, their Ribands, and phanatick Rattles. And should it be true, it were a cruel brand which *Romists* stick upon them. For (say they) as the *Camelion* changes into all Colours but white: so they admit

of

of all Religions but the true; for the *Papist* only may not exercise his in publick: yet his restraint they plead is not in hatred but justice, because the *Spaniard* abridges the *Protestant*. And they had rather shew a little spleen, then not cry quit with their enemy. His act is their Warrant, which they retaliate justly. And for this reason rather then the *Dunkirks* they take shall not die, *Amsterdam* having none of their own, shall borrow a Hangman from *Harlem*.

Now albeit the *Papists* do them wrong herein, yet can it not excuse their boundless *Toleration*, which shews they place their Republick in a higher esteem then Heaven it self: and had rather cross upon *God* then it. For whosoever disturbs the civil Government is liable to punishment: But the

Decrees

Decrees of Heaven, and Sanctions of the Deity any one may break uncheck't, by profeſſing what falſe Religion he pleaſe. So *Conſular Rome* of old, brought all the ſtragling gods of other Nations to the City, where blinded ſuperſtition paid an adoration to them.

In their Families they all are equals, and you have no way to know the Maſter and Miſtreſs, but by taking them in bed together. It may be theſe are they: Otherwiſe *Malky* can prate as much, laugh as loud, be as bold, and ſit as well as her Miſtreſs.

Had *Logicians* lived here firſt, Father and Son had never paſſed ſo long for Relatives. They are here Individuals, for no Demonſtrance of Duty or Authority can diſtinguiſh them, as if they were created together, and not born ſucceſſively.

ly. And as for your Mother, bidding her good night, and kissing her, is punctual blessing.

Your man shall be saucy, and you must not strike; if you do, he shall complain to the *Schont*, and perhaps have recompence, 'tis a dainty place to please boys in: for your father shal bargain with your Schoolmaster not to whip you: if he doth, he shall revenge it with his knife, and have Law for it.

Their apparel is civil enough and good enough, but very uncomly, & has usually more stuffe then shape. Only their *Huykes* are commodious in winter; but 'tis to be lamented, that they have not wit enough to lay them by when Summer comes.

Their women would have good faces if they did not mar them with making. Their *Ear-wyers* have so nip: in their Cheeks, that you would

would think some Fairy, to do them a mischief, had pincht them behind with tongs. These they dress, as if they would shew you all their wit lay behind, and they needs would cover it. And thus ordered, they have much more forehead then face.

They love the *English Gentry* well; and when Soldiers come over to be billeted among them, they are *emulous* in chusing of their guest. who fares much the better for being liked by his *Hostess*.

Men and women are there *starched so blew*, that if they once grow old, you would verily believe you saw *winter* walking up to the neck in a barrel of *Indigo*: And therefore they rail at *England* for spending no more *blewing*.

Your man among them is else clad tolerably unless he inclines to

to the Sea-fashion: and then are his breeches yawning at the knees, as if they were about to swallow his legs unmercifully.

They are far there from going naked, for of a whole woman you can see but half a face. As for her hand, that shews her a fore Labourer; which you shall ever find as it were in recompence loaden with Rings to the cracking of her fingers. If you look lower; she's a Monkey chain'd about the middle, and had rather want it in diet, then not have silver links to hang her keys in.

Their Gowns are fit to hide great bellies, but they make them shew so unhandsom that men do not care for getting them. Marry this you shall find to their commendation, their smocks are ever whiter then their skin.

Where

Where the Woman lies in, the Ringle of the door does penance, and is lapped about with linnen, either to shew you that loud knocking may wake the child, or else that for a month the Ring is not to be run at. But if the child be dead, there is thrust out a Nosegay tied to a sticks end; perhaps for an emblem of the life of man, which may wither as soon as born; or else to let you know, that though these fade upon their gathering, yet from the same stock, the next year a new shoot may spring.

You may rail at us for often changing; but I assure you with them is a great deal more following the fashion; which they will plead for as the ignorant Laity for their faith. They will keep it because their Ancestors lived in it. Thus they will rather keep an old

fault,

fault though they discover errors in it, then in an easie change to meet a certain remedy.

For their diet, they eat much and spend little: When they set out a Fleet to the *Indies*, it shall live three months on the Offals, which we here fear would surfeit our swine, yet they feed on't, and are still the same *Dutchmen*.

In their houses Roots and Stock-fish are Staple-commodities. If they make a feast and add flesh, they have Art to keep it hot more days, then a *Pigs-head* in *Py-corner*. Salt meats and sour *Cream* they hold him a fool that loves not, only the last they correct with Sugar, and are not half so well pleased with having it sweet at first, as with letting it sour, that they may sweeten it again, as if a woman were not half so pleasing being

being easily won, as after a scolding fit she comes by man to be calmed again.

Fish indeed they have brave and plentiful; and herein practice hath made them Cooks as good as ere *Lucullus* his latter Kitchin had, which is some recompence for their wilfulness, for you can neither pray nor buy them to alter their own Cookery.

To a feast they come readily, but being set once you must have patience. They are longer eating meat then we preparing it. If it be to supper, you conclude timely when you get away by day-break. They drink down the evening Starre, and drink up the morning Starre. At those times it goes hard with a stranger, all in courtesie will be drinking to him, and all that do so he must pledge: till he doth,

the

the fill'd Cups circle round his Trencher, from whence they are not taken away till emptied. For though they give you day for payment, yet they will not abate the sum. They sit not there as we in *England*, men together, and women first; but ever intermingled with a man between: and instead of March-panes, and such juncates, 'tis good manners if any be there, to carry away a piece of Apple-Py in your pocket.

The time they there spend, is in eating well, in drinking much, and prating most. For the truth is, the compleatest drinker in *Europe* is your English Gallant. There is no such Consumer of liquor as the Quaffing off of his Healths. Time was the *Dutch* had the better of it; but of late he hath lost it by prating too long over his pot. He sips, and

nd laughs, and tells his tale, and n a Tavern is more prodigal of his ime then his wine. He drinks as f he were short-winded; and as t were eats his drink by morſels, ather beſieging his brains then aſſaulting them. But the *Engliſh-an* charges home on the ſudden, wallows it whole, and like a haſty ide, fills and flows himſelf till the nad brain ſwims, and toſſes on the aſty fume. As if his Liver were urning out his ſtomach, and he riving to quench it, drowns it. o the one is drunk ſooner, and he other longer. As if ſtriving to ecover the wager, the *Dutchman* would ſtill be the perfecteſt ſoker.

In this Progreſs *you have ſeen ſome of their* Vices, *now view a* Fairer Object.

Solo-

SOlomon *tells of* four *things that are, ſmall and full of* Wiſdome; *The* Piſmire, *the* Graſhopper, *the* Coney, *and the* Spider..

FOr *Providence*, they are the *Piſmires* of the world: and having nothing but what graſs affords them; are yet for almoſt all Proviſions, the Store-houſe of the whole of *Chriſtendom*. What is it which there may not be found in plenty? They making by their induſtry all the fruits of the vaſt Earth their own. What Land can boaſt a priviledge that they do not partake of? They have not of their own enough materials to compile

one

one ſhip; Yet how many Nations do they furniſh? the remoter angles of the world do by their pains deliver them their ſweets: and being of themſelves in want, their diligence hath made them both *Indies* nearer home.

They are frugal to the ſaving of Egg-ſhels, and maintain it for a Maxime, That a thing laſts longer mended then new.

Their *Cities* are their *Mole-hills*; Their *Schuites* and *Flyboats* creep and return with their ſtore for Winter: every one is buſie and carries his grain; as if every City were a ſeveral *Hive*, and the *Bees* not permitting a drone to inhabit; For idle perſons muſt finde ſome other manſion. And leſt neceſſity bereave men of means to ſet them on work, there are publick Banks, that (without uſe) lend upon

pawns to all the poor that want.

There is a ſeaſon when the *Piſmires* fly, and ſo each *Summer* they likewiſe *ſwarm* abroad with their Armies.

The *Ant*, ſays one, is a wiſe creature, but a ſhrewd thing in a Garden or Orchard. And truly ſo are they; For they look upon others too little, and upon themſelves too much. And whereſoever they light in a pleaſant or rich ſoyl, like ſuckers and lower plants, they rob from the root of that tree which gives them ſhade and protection, ſo their wiſdom is not indeed Heroick or Numnial; as Courting an Univerſal Good; But rather narrow and reſtrictive, As being a wiſdom but for themſelves, Which to ſpeak plainly. is deſcending into Craft; and is but the ſiniſter part of that which is really Noble and Cœleſtiall.

Nay

Nay in all they hold so true a proportion with the *Emmet*, as you shall not find they want so much as the sting.

For dwelling in Rocks they are Conies. And while the *Spanish* tumbler plays about them, they rest secure in their own inaccessible berries. Where have you under heaven, such impregnable Fortifications? Where art beautifies nature, and nature makes art invincible: Herein indeed they differ: The Conies find Rocks, and they make them. And as they would invert the miracle of *Moses*, They raise them in the bosom of the waves, where within these twenty years, ships furrowed in the pathless Ocean, the peaceful plough now unbowels the fertile earth, which at night is carried home to the fairest Manfions in *Holland*.

Every Town hath his Garriſon; and the Keys of the Gates in the night-time are not truſted but in the State-houſe. From theſe holds they bolt abroad for proviſions, and then return to their faſtneſſes replenished.

For war they are Graſhoppers, and without a King go forth in bands to conquer Kings. They have not only defended themſelves at their own home, but have braved the *Spaniard* at his. In *Anno* 1599. under the command of *Vander Does*, was the Grand Canary taken. The chief City ſackt; the King of *Spain*'s Enſigns taken down, and the colours of his Excellency ſet up in their room. In the year 1600 the battel of *Nieuport* was a gallant piece, when with the loſs of a thouſand or little more, they ſlew 7000 of their enemies, took

above

above 100 Ensigns, the Admiral of *Arragon* a prisoner. The very furniture of the Arch Duke's own Chamber and Cabinet, yea, the signet that belonged to his hand.

In 1607. they assailed the *Armado* of *Spain* in the Bay of *Gibraltar*, under covert of the Castle and Towns Ordnance, and with the loss of 150, slew above 2000, and ruined the whole Fleet. Certainly a bolder attempt hath ever scarce been done. The *Indian* Mastiff never was more fierce against the angry Lion. Nor can the Cock in his crowing valour, become more prodigal of his blood then they.

There hardly is upon earth such a school of Martial Discipline. 'Tis the Christian worlds *Academy* for Arms, whither all the Neighbour-Nations resort to be instructed; where they may observe how un-

resistible a blow many small grains of powder will make, being heaped together, which yet if you separate, can do nothing but sparkle and die.

Their recreation is the practice of Arms; and they learn to be souldiers sooner then men. Nay, as if they placed a Religion in Arms, every Sunday is concluded with the train'd-bands marching through their Cities.

For industry, they are *Spiders*, and are in the Palaces of Kings. Of old they were the guard of the person of the *Roman* Emperor; And by the *Romans* themselves declared to be their friends and companions. There is none have the like intelligence; Their Merchants are at this day the greatest of the Universe. What Nation is it where they have not insinuated? Nay,

which

which they have not almoſt anatomized, and even diſcovered the very intrinſick veins on't?

Even among us, they ſhame us with their induſtry, which makes them ſeem as if they had a faculty from the worlds Creation, out of water to make dry land appear. They win our drowned grounds which we cannot recover, and chaſe back *Neptune* to his own old Banks.

All that they do is by ſuch labour as it ſeems extracted out of their own bowels. And in their wary thrift, they hang by ſuch a ſlender ſuſtentation of life, that one would think their own weight ſhould be enough to crack it.

Want of Idleneſs keeps them from want. And its their diligence makes them Rich.

A fruitful Soil encreaseth the Harvest. A plentiful Sunne augmenteth the Store; and seasonable showres drop fatnes on the Crop we reap. But no Rain fructifies more then the dew of Sweat.

You would think being with them you were in old *Israel*, for you find not a beggar among them. Nor are they mindful of their own alone; but strangers also partake of their care and bounty. If they will depart, they have money for their Convoy. If they stay, they have work provided. If unable, they find an Hospital. Their Providence extends even from the Prince to the catching of flies. And lest you lose an afternoon by fruitless mourning, by two of the Clock all Burials must end. Wherein to prevent the wast of ground, they pile Coffin upon Coffin til the Sepulchre be full.

In

In all their Manufactures they hold a truth and constancy, for they are as fruits from Trees, the same every year that they are at first; Not Apples one year and Crabs the next; and so for ever after. In the sale of these they also are at a word, they will gain rather then exact, and have not that way whereby our Citizens abuse the wise and cozen the ignorant; and by their infinite over-asking for commodities proclaim to the world that they would cheat all if it were in their power.

The Depravation of Manners they punish with contempt, but the defects of Nature they favor with charity. Even their *Bedlam* is a place so curious, that a Lord might live in it; Their *Hospital* might lodge a Lady: So that safely you may conclude, amongst them even

Poverty and Madneſs do both inhabit handſomly. And though Vice makes every thing turn fordid, yet the State will have the very correction of it to be neat, as if they would ſhew, that though obedience fail, yet Government muſt be ſtill it ſelf and decent. To prove this, they that do but view their *Bridewel*, will think it may receive a Gentleman though a Gallant. And ſo their priſon a wealthy Citizen. But for a poor man, 'tis his beſt policy to be laid there, for he that caſt him in muſt maintain him.

Their Language though it differ from the higher *Germany*, yet hath it the ſame ground, and is as old as *Babel*. And albeit harſh, yet ſo loſty and full a tongue as made *Goropius Becanus* maintain it for the ſpeech of *Adam* in his Paradiſe. And

ſurely

ſurely if there were not other reaſons againſt it, the ſignificancy of the Ancient *Teutonick* might carry it from the primeſt Dialect. *Stevin* of *Bruges* reckons up 2170 Monoſyllables, which being compounded, how richly do they grace a Tongue? A Tongue that for the general profeſſion is extended further then any that I know. Through both the *Germanies*, *Denmark*, *Norway*, *Sweden*, and ſometimes *France*, *England*, *Spain*. And ſtill among us all our words are *Dutch*, with yet ſo little change, that certainly it is in a manner the ſame that it was 2000 years ago, without the too much mingled borrowings of their neighbor Nations.

The *Germins* are a people that more then all the world I think may boaſt ſincerity, as being for ſom thouſands of years a pure and un-

unmixed people. And surely I see not but their conduction by *Tuisco* from the building of *Babel* may pass as unconfuted Story, they yet retaining the Appellation from his Name.

They are a large and numerous people, having ever kept their own, and transported Colonies into other Nations. In *Italy* were the *Longobards*; In *Spain* the *Goths* and *Vandalls*; In *France* the *Franks* or *Franconians*; In *England* the *Saxons*: having in all these left reverend Steps of their Antiquity and Language.

It is a noble Testimony that so grave an Historian as *Tacitus* hath left still extant of them, and written above fifteen hundred years ago: *Deliberant dum fingere nesciunt: Constituunt dum errare non possunt.* They deliberate when they cannot

cannot dissemble: and resolve when they cannot erre.

Two hundred and ten years the *Romans* were in conquering them. In which space on either side were the losses sad and fatal. So as neither the *Samnites*, the *Carthaginians*, the *Spaniards*, the *Gauls*, no nor the *Parthians* ever troubled them like the *Germans*. They slew and took prisoners several Commanders of the highest rank, as *Carbo*, *Cassius*, *S. Caurus Aurelius Cervilius Cepio*, and *M. Manlius*. They defeated five *Consulary Armies*, and *Varus* with three legions, yet after all this he concludes, *Triumphati magis quam victi sunt*. They were rather triumphed over then conquered. To confirm this, the keeping of their own language is an argument unanswerable. The change whereof ever follows upon

the

the fully vanquished, as we may see it did in *Italy*, *France*, *Spain*, *England*.

And this he speaks of the Nation in general: nor was the opinion of the *Romans* less worthy in particular concerning these lower Provinces, which made them for their valor and warlike minds stile them by the name of *Gallia Belgica*, and especially of the *Batavians*, which were the *Hollanders* and part of *Guelders*. You may hear in what honourable terms he mentions them, where speaking of the several people of *Germany*, he says, *Omnium harum Gentium virtute præcipui Batavi: Nam nec tribucis contemnuntur, nec publicanis atterit: exempti oneribus & Collationibus, & tantum in usum peliorum sepositi, velut tela atque Arma Bellis reservantur*. Of all these Na-

Nations the principal in valiant vertue are the *Batavians*; for neither are they become despicable by paying of tribute, nor oppressed too much by the Farmor of publick Revenues, but free from taxes and contributions of servility; they are specially set apart for the fight, as Armor and Weapons only reserved for War.

All this even at this day they seem to make good. For of all the world they are the people that thrive and grow rich by the war, like the *Porcpisce*, that plays in the storm, but at other times keeps sober under the water.

War which is the worlds ruine, and ravins upon the beauty of all, is to them prosperity and dilatation. And surely the reason of this is their strength in shipping, the open Sea, their many fortified Towns,

Towns and the Country by reason of its lowness and plentifull irriguation becoming unpassable for an army when the winter but approaches. Otherwise it is hardly possible that so small a parcell of Mankind, should brave the most potent Monarch of Christendom, who in his own hands holds the Mines of the wars sinews Money, and hath now got a command so wide, that out of his Dominions the Sun can neither rise nor set.

The whole seventeen Provinces are not above a thousand English miles in circuit. And in the States hands there is not 70. those. Yet have they in the field sometimes 60000 Souldiers, besides those which they always keep in Garrison, which cannot be but a considerable number neer thirty thousand more. There being in the

the whole Countries above two hundred wall'd Towns and Cities. So that if they have people for the War, one would wonder where they should get money to pay them; They being, when they have an army in the field, at a thousand pound a day charge extraordinary.

To maintain this, their Excise is an unwasted Mine, which with the Infiniteness of their Traffick, and their untired industry, is by every part of the World in something or other contributed to.

The Sea yields them by two sorts of Fish only, *Herrings* and *Cod*, sixty thousand pound *per annum*; for which they go out sometimes seven or eight hundred boats at once, and for greater ships, they are able to set out double the number.

Their

of Their Merchandize amounted in *Guicciardini* time to fourteen millions *per annum*. Whereas *England*, which is in compass almost as large again, and hath the Ocean as a Ring about her, made not above six millions yearly; so sedulous are these Bees to labour and enrich their Hive.

As they on the Sea, so the women are busie on land in weaving of Nets, and helping to adde to the heap. And though a husbands long absence might tempt them to lascivious ways; yet they hate adultery, and are resolute in Matrimonial chastity. I do not remember that ever I read in Story, of any great Lady of that nation, that hath bin taxt with looseness. And questionless 'tis their ever being busie, makes them have no leisure for lust

'Tis idleness that is *Cupids*

Nurse;

Nurse; but business breaks his bow, and makes his arrows use-less.

They are both Merchants and Farmers. And there act parts, which men can but discharge with us. As if they would shew that the Soul in all is masculine, and not varied into weaker sex as are the bodies that they wear about them.

Whether this be from the nature of their Country, in which if they be not laborious they cannot live; or from an Innate Genius of people by a Superiour Providence adapted to them of such a situation; from their own inclination addicted to parsimony; from custome in their way of breeding; from any Transcendency of active parts more than other Nations; or from being in their Country, like people in a City besieged,

whereby their own vertues do
more compact and fortifie; I will
not determine. But certainly in ge-
neral they are the most painful and
diligent people on earth: And o
all other the most truly of *Vespa-*
ans opinion, to think, that *Ex re*
qualibet honos oder lucri; Be it rai
sed from what it will, the smell o
gain is pleasant.

Yet they are in some sort Gods
for they set bounds to the Sea
and when they list let it pass them
Even their dwellings is a miracle
They live lower then the fishes
In the very lap of the floods, an
incircled in their watry arms
They are the *Israelites* passing
through the Red Sea. The wa
ters wall in them, and if they s
ope their sluices shall drown u
their enemies.

They have strugled long wit
Spa

Spains Pharaoh, and they have at length inforced him to let them go. They are a *Gideons* Army upon the march again. They are the *Indian* Rat, gnawing the bowels of the *Spanish Crocodile*, to which they got when he gap'd to swallow them. They are a serpent wreathed about the legs of that *Elephant*. They are the little sword-fish pricking the belly of the *Whale*. They are the wane of that Empire, which increas'd in *Isabella*, and in *Charles* the fifth was at full.

They are a glass wherein Kings may see that though they be Soveraigns over lives and goods, yet when they usurp upon Gods part, and will be Kings over conscience too, they are sometimes punisht with losse of that which lawfully is their own. That Religion

too

too fiercely urg'd is to ſtretch a ſtring till it not onely jars, but cracks; & in the breaking, whips (perhaps) the ſtreiners eye out.

That an extreme taxation is to take away the hony while the Bees keep the Hive, whereas he that would take that, ſhould firſt either burn them, or drive them out. That Tyrants in their Government are he greateſt Traitors to their own States. That a deſire of being too abſolute is to walk upon *Pinacles* and the tops of *Pyramides*, where not only the footing is full of hazard, but even the ſharpneſs of that they tread on may run into their foot and wound them. That too much to regrate on the patience of but tickle Subjects, is to preſs a thorn till it prick your finger. That nothing makes a more deſperate Rebell than a

Pre-

Prerogative inforced too far.

That liberty in man is as the skin to the body, not to be put off, but together with life. That they which will command more than they ought, shall not at last command so much as is fit.

That moderate Princes sit faster in their Regalities, than such as being but men, would yet have their power over their Subjects, as the Gods unlimited. That oppression is an iron heat till it burns the hand. That to debar some States of *antient Priviledges*, is for a Falcon to undertake to beat a flock of Wild-geese out of the Fens. That to go about to compell a sullen reason to submit to a wilfull peremptorines, is so long to beat a chain'd mastiff into his kennell, till at last he turns and flies at your throat.

throat. That unjuſt policy is to ſhoot as they did at *Oſtend*, into the mouth of a charged Canon, to have two Bullets returned for one. That he doth but indanger himſelf, that riding with too weak a Bit, provokes a head-ſtrong horſe with a ſpur. That 'tis ſafer to meet a valiant man weaponleſs, then almoſt a coward in Armor. That even a weak cauſe with a ſtrong Caſtle, will boil ſalt blood to a rebellious Itch. That 'tis better keeping a Crazy body in an equal temper, than to anger humors by too ſharp a Phyſick.

That Admonitions from a dying man are too ſerious to be neglected. That there is nothing certain that is not impoſſible. That a Cobler of *Uluſhing* was one of the greateſt enemies that the King of *Spain* ever had.

To

To conclude, the Country it self is a Moted Castle, keeping a Garnish of the richest Jewels of the world in't; The Queen of *Bohemia* and her Princely Children.

The people in it are Jews of the New Testament that have exchanged nothing but the Law for the Gospel; and this they rather profess then practice. Together a Man of War riding at *Arbor* in the Downs of *Germany*.

For forein Princes to help them is wise self-policy. When they have made them able to defend themselves against *Spain*, they are at the Pale, if they enable them to offend others they go beyond it. For que-

ſtionleſs, were this thorn out of the *Spaniards* ſide, he might be feared too ſoon to graſp his long intended Monarchy. And were the *Spaniard* but poſſeſſed Lord of the Low-Countreys, or had the States but the wealth and power of *Spain*, the reſt of *Europe* might be like people at Sea in a Ship on fire: that could only chuſe whether they would drown or burn. Now, their war is the peace of their neighbours. So *Rome* when buſied in her civil broils, the *Parthians* lived at reſt; but thoſe concluded once, by *Cæſar* next are they deſigned for Conqueſt.

If any man wonder at theſe contraries, let him look in his own body for as many ſeveral humors.

humors. In his own brain for as many different Fancies. In his own heart for as various paſſions; and from all theſe he may learn, That there is not in all the World ſuch another Beaſt as *Man*.

FINIS.

FINIS

A PERFECT DESCRIPTION OF THE PEOPLE AND COUNTREY OF Scotland.

LONDON.
Printed for Rich. Lowndes.
1670.

A PERFECT

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

PEOPLE

AND

COUNTRY

OF

Scotland.

A Perfect Description of *Scotland.*

First, for the Countrey, I must confess it is good for those that possess it, and too bad for others, to be at the charge to conquer it. The Air might be wholsom, but for the stinking people that inhabit it The ground might be fruitful had they wit to manure it.

Their Beasts be generally small, women only excepted, of which sort there are none greater in the whole world. There is great store of Fowl, too, as foul houses, foul sheets,

foul linen, foul dishes and pots, foul trenchers, and napkins; with which sort, we have been forced to say, as the children did with their fowl in the wilderness. They have good store of fish too, and good for those that can eat it raw; but if it come once into their hands, it is worse than if it were three days old: For their Butter and Cheese, I will not meddle withal at this time, nor no man else at any time that loves his life.

They have great store of Deer, but they are so far from the place where I have been, that I had rather believe, than go to disprove it: I confess, all the Deer I met withal, was dear Lodgings, dear Horse-meat, and dear Tobaco, and English Beer.

As for fruit, for their Grandfire *Adams* sake, they never planted any;

any; and for other Trees, had *Christ* been betrayed in this Country, (as doubtless he should, had he come as a stranger) *Judas* had sooner found the Grace of Repentance, than a Tree to hang himself on.

They have many hills, wherein they say is much treasure, but they shew none of it; Nature hath only discovered to them some Mines of Coal, to shew to what end he created them.

I saw little grass, but in their Pottage: The Thistle is not given of nought, for it is the fairest flower in their Garden. The word Hay is Heathen-Greek unto them; neither man nor beast knows what it means.

Corn is reasonable plenty at this time, for since they heard of the Kings comming, it hath

been as unlawful for the common people to eat Wheat, as it was in the old time for any, but the Priests, to eat shew-bread. They prayed much for his coming, and long fasted for his welfare; but in the more plain sense, that he might fare the better: all his followers were welcom, but his guard; for those they say are like *Pharaoh*'s lean Kine, and threaten death whereſoever they come: They could perſwade the Footmen, that oaten cakes would make them long-winded; and the children of the Chappel they have brought to eat of them, for the maintenance of their voices.

They say our Cooks are too sawcy, and for Grooms and Coachmen they wish them to give to their Horses no worse then they eat themselves; they commend the

the brave minds of the Penſioners, and the Gentlemen of the Bed-Chambers, which chooſe rather to go to Taverns, then to be always eating of the Kings proviſion, they likewiſe do commend the Yeomen of the Buttery and Cellar, for their readineſs and ſilence, in that they will hear no knocks, before they will anſwer one. They perſwade the Trumpeters that faſting is good for men of that quality; for emptineſs, they ſay, cauſes winde, and winde cauſes a Trumpet to ſound well.

The bringing of Heralds, they ſay, was a needleſs charge, they all know their pedigrees well enough, and the Harbingers might have been ſpared, ſithence they brought ſo many Beds with them; and of two evils, ſince the leaſt ſhould be choſen. They wiſh the beds

might

might remain with them, and poor Harbingers keep their places, and do their office, as they return: His Hangings they desire might likewise be left as Reliques, to put them in mind of His Majesty; and they promise to dispense with the wooden Images, but for those graven Images in his new beautified Chappel, they threaten to pull down soon after his departure, and to make of them a burnt offering, to appease the indignation they imagined conceived against them in the Breast of the Almighty, for suffering such idolatry to enter into their Kingdom; The Organ, I think, will find mercy, because (as they say) there is some affinity between them and the Bag-pipes.

The Skipper that brought the singing men with their Papistical Vestments, complains that he hath been

been much troubled with a strange singing in his head, ever since they came aboard his ship. For remedy whereof the Parson of the Parish hath perswaded him to sell that prophane Vessel, and to distribute the money among the faithful Brethren.

For his Majesties entertainment, I must needs ingeniously confess, he was received into the Parish of *Edinburgh*, (for a City I cannot call it) with great shouts of joy, but no shews of charg for Pageants; they hold them idolatrous things, and not fit to be used in so reformed a place; from the Castle they gave him som pieces of Ordnance, which surely he gave them since he was King of *England*, and at the entrance of the town, they presented him with a golden Bison, which was carried before him on

mens ſhoulders to his Palace, I think, from whence it came. His Majeſty was convey'd by the Younkers of the Town, which were about 100 Halberds, (dearly ſhall they rue it, in regard of the charge) to the Croſs and ſo to the high Church where the only bell they had ſtood on tip-toe to behold his ſweet face; where I muſt intreat you to ſpare him, for an hour I loſt him.

In the mean time to report the Speeches of the people concerning his never-exampled entertainment, were to make his diſcourſe too tedious unto you, as the Sermon was to thoſe that were conſtrained to endure it. After the Preachment he was conducted by the ſame Halberds unto his Palace, of which I forbear to ſpeak, becauſe it was a place ſanctified by his divine Majeſty, only I wiſh it had been better walled

walled for my friend's sake that waited on him.

Now I will begin briefly to speak of the people according to their degrees and qualities; for the Lords Spiritual, they may well be termed so indeed, for they are neither Fish nor Flesh, but what it shall please their earthly God, the King, to make them. Obedience is better then Sacrifice, and therefore they make a mock at Martyrdom, saying, That Christ was to die for them, and not they for him. They will rather subscribe then surrender, and rather dispense with small things, then trouble themselves with great disputation; they will rather acknowledge the King to be their head, then want wherewith to pamper their bodies.

They have taken great pains and trouble to compass their Bishopricks,

ricks, and they will not leave them for a trifle; for the Deacons, whose defects will not lift them up to dignities, all their ſtudy is to diſgrace them that have gotten the leaſt degree above them; and becauſe they cannot Biſhop, they proclaim they never heard of any. The Scriptures, ſay they, ſpeak of Deacons and Elders, but not a word of Biſhops. Their Diſcourſes are full of detraction; their Sermons nothing but railing; and their Concluſions nothing but Hereſies and Treaſons. For their Religion they have, I confeſs they have it above reach, and God-willing I will never reach for it.

They chriſten without the Croſs, marry without the Ring, receiv the Sacrament without reverence, die without repentance, and bury without divine Service; they keep

no

no Holy-days, nor acknowledge any Saint but S. *Andrew*, who they said got that honor by presenting Christ with an oaten cake after his forty days fast. They say likewise, that he that translated the Bible was the son of a Maulster, because it speaks of a miracle done by Barley-Loaves, whereas they swear they were Oaten Cakes, and that no other bread of that quantity could have sufficed so many thousands.

They use no prayer at all, for they say it is needless, God knows their minds without pratling; and what he doth, he loves to do it freely. Their Sabbaths exercise, is a preaching in the forenoon, and a persecuting in the afternoon; they go to Church in the forenoon to hear the Law, and to the crags and mountains in the afternoon to louz themselves.

They

They hold their Noses if you talk of Bear-baiting, and stop their Ears if you speak of a Play: Fornication they hold but a pastime, wherein mans ability is approved, and a womans fertility is discovered; At Adultery they shake their heads; Theft they rail at; Murther they wink at; and Blasphemy they laugh at; they think it impossible to lose the way to Heaven if they can but leave *Rome* behind them.

To be opposite to the Pope, is to be presently with God; to conclude, I am perswaded, that if God and his Angels at the last day, should come down in their whitest Garments, they would run away and cry, The Children of the Chappel are come again to torment us, let us flie from the abomination of these boys, and hide our selves in the Mountains.

For

For the Lords Temporal and Spiritual, temporizing Gentlemen, if I were apt to speak of any, I could not speak much of them; only I must let you know they are not Scottishmen, for assoon as they fall from the breast of the beast their mother, their careful sire posts them away for *France*, which as they pass, the Sea sucks from them that which they have suckt from their rude dams; there they gather new flesh, new blood, new manners, and there they learn to put on their cloaths, and then return, into their Countreys, to wear them out; there they learn to stand, speak, discourse and congee, to court women, and to complement with men.

They spared for no cost to honor the King, nor for no complemental curtesy to welcom their Countrymen;

men; their followers are their fellows, their wives their slaves, their horses their masters, and their swords their Judges; by reason whereof, they have but few laborers, and those not very rich: their Parliaments hold but three dayes, their Statutes three lines, and their Suits are determined in a manner in three words, or very few more, &c.

The wonders of their Kingdom are these; the Lord Chancellor, he is believed; the Master of the Rolls, well spoken of; and the whole Councel, who are the Judges for all causes, are free from suspition of corruption. The Country, although it be mountainous, affords no Monsters but Women, of which, the greatest sort (as Countesses, and Ladies) are kept like Lions in Iron grates; the Merchants wives

are

re also prisoners, but not in so strong a hold; they have wooden Cages, like our Boar Franks, through which, sometimes peeping to catch the Air, we are almost choaked with the sight of them; the greatest madness amongst the men, is Jealousie; in that they fear what no man that hath but two of his senses will take from them.

The Ladies are of opinion, that *Susanna* could not be chast, because she bathed so often. Pride is a thing bred in their bones, and their flesh naturally abhors cleanliness; their breath commonly stinks of Pottage, their linen of Piss, their hands of Pigs turds, their body of sweat, and their splay-feet never offend in Socks. To be chained in marriage with one of them, were to be tyed to a dead carkass, and cast into a stinking ditch; For mo-

sity

fity, and a dainty face, are things they dream not of.

The Oyntments they moſt frequently uſe amongſt them are Brimſtone and Butter for the Scab, and Oyl of Bays, and Stave-ſacre. I proteſt, I had rather be the meaneſt ſervant of the two of my Pupils Chamber-maids, then to be the Maſter-Minion to the faireſt Counteſs I have yet diſcovered. The ſin of curioſity of oyntments is but newly crept into the Kingdom, and I do not think will long continue.

To draw you down by degrees from the Citizens Wives, to the Countrey Gentlewomen, and convey you to common Dames in Sea-coal lane, that converſe with Rags and Marrow-bones, are things of Mineral-race; every whore in *Houndſditch* is an *Helena*; and the greaſie Bauds in *Turnmil* ſtreet are

Greekiſh

Greekish Dames in comparison of these. And therefore to conclude, The men of old did no more wonder, that the great *Messias* should be born in so poor a town as *Bethlem* in *Judea*, then I do wonder that so brave a Prince as King *James*, should be born in so stinking a Town as *Edinburgh*, in lowsie *Scotland*.

FINIS.

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